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The Evening World Print Association Press News.

A BAY HEAD WARNING.

Men will never agree in mind as to the right or wrong of such occurrences as last night at Bay Head, N. J. A young husband, who had neglected his own wife to pay attention to the fascinating woe-half of another man, was summarily punished by the indignant citizens. He was dragged from the house of this woman, whom he had no business to follow, was ducked repeatedly in the river, at a rope's end, and was then thrashed with pieces of the same rope until he fell insensible in the roadway. After recovering his senses he was easily persuaded to leave the town.

That the unfaithful husband deserved punishment of some sort is not to be denied. Bay Head villagers say he deserved what he got and even more. And the first impulse of the man who feels himself a true husband or a true lover will be one of agreement with the villagers.

The question is as to the right of the avengers of the deserted wife to step in and become after such fashion the enforcers of a moral law. On this question opinions differ, but it is undoubtedly the case that the indignant participants in last night's work will be so supported that the Bay Head incident may well serve as a loud warning to any other husbands who may be tempted to play double and false.

AS TO STREET CLEANING.

Miss F. M. DANIELSON, Secretary of the Street-Cleaning Aid Society, has paid a delicate compliment to the city's own Street-Cleaning Department. "It has sided us," she said to a reporter, "in every way it can." This will bring an untold measure of comfort to every taxpayer. The costly Department which wants more money before it can do anything itself can at least be of use to an auxiliary society which has taken up, voluntarily, a part of the Department's burdens.

And the bringing of this comfort is not all that the Society's fair Secretary has accomplished. She has got permission from Commissioner GILMAN to have several of New York's dirtiest streets flushed, merely as an experiment, of course, to ascertain the real effect of a volume of water forcibly applied to dirt. It is confidently hoped that under this treatment the pavements of Hester, Mulberry and other downtown streets will presently show forth like a beautiful revelation.

Success to the Society, its Secretary and its experiments.

PRINCE GEORGE NOT DIPLOMATIC.

Common and curious mortals were struck not long ago with the off-hand way in which Prince George of Greece wrote of the Czarowitz as "Nicky" and the Czarina as "Aunt Min." It was thus that royalty might write of royalty. There was something infinitely clumsy and charming in this carelessness of the princely dictation.

But now there is trouble over that same letter. It dealt with Prince George's most talked-of rescue of the Czarowitz from the Japanese policeman who was about to assassinate the young Russian traveler. And oh, the rascal! George dared to assert that "Nicky" ran away from his assailant. So the Czar is mad and "Aunt Min" is mad and "Nicky" is mad, and George is in disgrace in Russia.

It therefore appears that though royalty may be clumsy, in a way, it must not be too truthful. A little diplomacy even in relating stories founded on facts, will go a great way towards avoiding unpleasantness in court and family circles.

A single dime, getting mixed up with the bolts of the big safe in a Plainfield bank, caused twenty hours delay to business and necessitated the employment of professional safe-openers. The dime in the slot will not become popular under such circumstances as these.

The conduct of Police Justice KELLY in the Webster murder case should be investigated: What right had he to commit EVELYN GRANVILLE or BETTY GREEN, or whatever her name may be, to her own apartments? Political influence should have its limits.

Here's a piece of news. Emperor WILLIAM has told Chancellor von CAPRIVI, who has told Minister FRIEDL, who has told a correspondent, that the Emperor now, perhaps, visit the World's Fair at Chicago.

The name of Mr. THOMAS C. FLATT has been added to the list of gubernatorial candidates. His nomination would be joy to the opposition.

to join in the hunt for the precious metal. They probably might better take care of the crops they have in hand than risk losing them for a harvest of disappointments.

Many a masculine heart, according to the romantic, has been caught in a mesh of woman's hair. It has remained for a Lambertville barber to bring such aiken locks to use for more prosaic threads. He has made a shackle out of threads of hair gathered from the heads of his female customers.

Modesty pays, even in baseball. A Norristown team calling itself unpardonably "The Nothings" has succeeded in scoring 23 runs against the 21 of a team which declared itself as the "Anythings."

The Texas man who endeavored to intimidate a New York hotel clerk with a revolver, realizes that a broad-brimmed hat and weapon belt are not necessary accompaniments of nerve and pluck.

SPECKLES and the Sugar Trust have stopped their fight. The realization that the public was profiting by the cut in prices apparently moved them towards peace.

The arrogance at some of the hospitals which receive pay from the city and their refusal to take in injured people should be looked into. See to it, Mayor GRANT.

If good Republicans keep on refusing the gubernatorial nomination it will be necessary before long to call the roll and seize the first man who answers "Aye."

The Majestic made a royal trip.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Why is Beatrice kept in office?

Who writes Mayor Grant's letters?

What right had Police Justice Kelly to show lenity to Evelyn Granville?

Why New York does not have hospitals of its own?

How it was possible for De Leuw to go bankrupt?

What causes the delay on the new Criminal Court Building?

Why there is so much flurry over the sale of the first baby of cotton?

Why the police have failed to unravel all the recent murder mysteries?

Why our citizens are permitted to be annoyed by trip-hammers and gas-house nuisances?

What induced the Czarowitz to write himself a hero when he really fed from his assailant?

What right has Dr. Edson to ask extra pay for work done for the city which pays him for his full time?

VAGRANT VERSES.

His Private Opinion of Her.

If she knew my private opinion of her, she would not be so proud.

Or how would she look at me, if I told her what I thought of her?

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It Didn't Stop.

The train had only started from the New York end of the bridge, when he went to the door of car and asked of the guard.

"Does this train stop before it gets to Brooklyn?"

"No, sir."

"No half way stop, eh?"

"Of course not."

"What do you mean by of course not?"

"Why, you ought to know that it doesn't."

"I had, eh? Maybe you've got an idea in your head that I run this mammoth old village and the bridge included, but if you have I want to inform you that you are mightily mistaken! The only thing I run on this earth is a tannery about forty miles up the river, and they say I'm running that into the ground as fast as possible!"

He Was No Man.

Two men were wrangling about an old pipe as they sat on a bench in Bowling Green the other day, and as one of them finally rose up and moved away the other shouted after him:

"You are no man, Jimmy—no man at all."

I went over and sat down beside the other and asked the cause of the trouble, and when he had told the story of the pipe he added:

"But I might have expected it of him, for he's no man at all. Let me tell you what he did last week, sir."

"Very well."

"He was fifty miles up the river, sir, and he got on a freight train and beat his way down! Yes, sir; and when he got here I'd think he was man enough to go to Mr. Vanderbilt and say:

"Sir, I am much obliged for the ride, sir, and if I am ever able to do it I'll hand you a couple of dollars, I will."

"I'd think he did that, sir? No! He makes a sneak of it and never says a word, and a man as will do that would cheat his own grandmother out of her false teeth."

A Plain Case.

A man who got on a Myrtle avenue car, faced car in Brooklyn at Fulton Ferry the other day had gone only two squares when he got up and signalled the conductor to stop. The car stopped, but he remained his seat and the conductor rang to go ahead. In about five minutes the performance was repeated, and then it was seen that the passenger was in that condition known as "sprung." When he stood up for the third time the conductor asked:

"Is this where you want to get off?"

"Yeah."

"All right, then."

"No, I guess I won't get off," said the man, as he reentered himself.

Two squares further on he stood up and signalled for the fourth time.

"See here!" said the conductor, as he went forward, "what sort of a game are you playing?"

"Nox any game," thickly replied the man.

"Do you want to get off?"

"Yeah."

"Well, here you go."

"No, I guess I won't get off!"

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"She here!" whispered the man in confidence and trying to hug the conductor at the same time. "When I think of home I get my stop'er ear. Then when I think of my wife I wave my hand for car to go on again! You see? Plain as day. I wave—car goes on. Let 'er go!"

The conductor carried him to the city line and left him lying in the shade.

M. Quad.

WORLDLINGS.

Jobert Barrett Browning, the poet's only child, is now a man of forty-two years. He is a water-colorist of some repute and is married to an American lady.

Sardor's first comedy was a failure. He was a youth of twenty-three when he made that venture into a field in which he afterwards became famous, and was at that time a teacher of mathematics.

The Free Methodist Church of Allentown, Pa., allows none who belong to a secret society, use tobacco or wear jewelry to become a member of the congregation.

When Sallie Hargrove drives out at Newport she appears in a new English rig, the body of which is very deep and wears a striking resemblance to a catenoid sliced off at the sides. She is usually attired in a pale-green costume.

The life insurance policies in force upon the lives of the citizens of Pennsylvania amount to over \$44,000,000.

A new Monte Carlo is soon to be established in the little Republic of Andorra, on the south slope of the Pyrenees. Its location will be one of the most beautiful in the mountains, where the high peaks are covered with snow the year round.

The Power of Gold.

Miss Midas—Do you expect to go to college next year, Mr. Crenshaw?

Young Crenshaw—Not much. Father is going to have them bring it to me.

With a Parenthetical Understanding.

Miss Vernon—Mr. Crook is a fine horseman. Doesn't he look as if he was born in the saddle?

Jack Bevidere—Yes; particularly when you see him walking on the street.

Paralle Cases.

The Emperor of China's opposition to Blair makes me think he's a sort of Don Quixote."

"Why?"

"He doesn't mind taking a shy at a wind-mill."

An Every-Day Illustration.

Johnson (scientific bore)—Do you believe in unaccountable vibrations?

Williamson (worn out)—Oh, yes. For instance, I don't believe you know what you are talking about right now.

He Had Tried Them.

Salesman (selling a fishing-rod)—That one is a little defective. Of course we will give you a straight tip.

Buyer—Thanks. I don't want any straight tips. They're too expensive.

Correct.

Teacher—You may answer, Tommy Jones. Why do birds fly?

Tommy Jones—Cause they ain't such fools as ter walk when they don't hev ter.

BABES IN WANT.

Help Them in the Great Battle for Life and Health.

Poor and Ailing Tots Want Food, Medical Care and Clothes.

Neil Nelson Tells of a Poor Family's Fight for Existence.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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All contributions sent to "The Evening World" office for the Sick Baby Fund should be directed to Cashier, New York "World," Postoffice Building, West Thirty-ninth street.

Any one whose contribution to the Sick Baby Fund is not acknowledged in these columns will confer a favor by notifying the Editor of "The Evening World."

POOR BUT PROUD.

Neil Nelson Describes the Sad Condition of a Family.

There is much beauty, pensive though it be, in the pride of the poor.

Their daily lives are made up of sacrifices that prove the fallacy of that popular old saying, "God help the rich; the poor can beg."

To Illustrate:

The Evening World doctor was making the rounds of a dejected-looking tenement that abode and the ravages of years had descended on the lookout for sick children. In one little home the door was opened by a kind-hearted woman who forgot her own ailing baby to interest the visitor in the condition of a family over-head.

The doctor went upstairs, rapped at the door indicated and strained the privileges of a caller to gain admission to the room. To the usual inquiries the mother replied: "They are all well so far, doctor, thank God. I keep them clean, give them all they need to eat, and so they keep well."

Every condition of the place belied her statement. The dust that had collected on the stove showed that no food had been cooked on it for several days, and about the table were unwashed dishes empty of even the remnants of a meal.

As soon as possible she changed the subject of conversation to the weather, expressing a preference for rain, and on account of its sympathy with her own gloom.

The doctor could not force his services upon an unwilling patient, and tried to reach her by indirect means.

Did she know of any poor family in the house?

"Oh yes; only poor families lived in the house."

But, a very poor family—the husband out of work, perhaps, or struggling against hard luck?

"No, she did not know of a single very poor family."

The physician, who really wished to help her, was driven away by the pride of this sensitive, starving woman.

From the housekeeper the real condition of affairs was learned. All winter long the husband had been sick with inflammatory rheumatism. During that time of agony and distress the wife earned what she could from odd jobs about here and there.

The landlord had been most kind, and so they managed to keep together, subsisting on the smallest amount and poorest kind of food that barely sustained life.

On his recovery the husband found it impossible to obtain employment, but through the kindness of a friend he was enabled to open a plumbing shop in a basement, with a stock worth about \$25, purchased on credit.

He is trying with an energy that is almost desperate to work up a trade, but Jack Frost does not freeze up many water pipes in mid-summer, and in consequence of this feverish effort the dust that had collected on the stove for the last month looked as if it had been a piece of meat in his home for a month, not a new garment in a whole year.

His children hardly knew what a glass of sweet milk tasted like, and how they keep well and how the youngest one lives is a mystery.

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